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THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER

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The Revolutionary Soldier

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ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A kitchen, 3 G. — Rustic tables on R. and L. H., on which are cooking utensils. — A fire-place R. H. 3 E., with Dutch oven before it. — Window in flat, R. H. — Door in flat, C., practical, backed by interior. — Candles, nearly burnt out, on tables. — A clock on R. H. — A staircase, L. H. 3 E., leading to another room.*

MRS. PEABODY *discovered at work at table, R. H.*

Mrs. Peabody. (*singing*).

“ You parliaments of England,
You lords and commons too;
Consider well what you’re about
And what you mean to do.”

(*Takes a chair, and sits.*) O dear ! I’m almost tired out. All night up, and not finished my work yet. I suppose Fanny’s asleep yet. Bless the dear soul. I’d sit up a whole week to have everything in order for her wedding-night. I hope Charles will make her a good husband ; and I think he will ; for he’s a noble hearted lad ; and with such a girl as Fanny Goodwin who would not make a good husband ? Well, I must go to work again. But I want that tarnal black skunk to go to the mill for me ; so I must wake him ; and I declare it’s high time ! its nearly five o’clock. (*Goes to the staircase and calls.*) Enoch ! Enoch ! Come, you sleepy headed varmint ! do you mean to sleep all day ?

Enoch. (*within, yawning*). Coming, coming, Misse Peabody. (*A gun is heard without, L. H.*)

Enter ENOCH, L. H. 1 E., and stands wondering and frightened. —
MRS. PEABODY the same.

En. What’s dat, Mrs. Peabody ?

Mrs. P. It’s a gun, you black fool ; but who has fired it is more than I know.

En. I tink I know who fired ’um, Misse Peabody. What de day ob de month, Misse Peabody ?

Mrs. P. October ; — the sixteenth of October.

En. I ’tought so. Well, don’t you know dat old Massa Nathan always up at five o’clock on de sixteenth ob October, and fire off he

gun, to kind o' circumcelebrate de fuss time he shake hands wid Massa Washington. (*Another gun fired without, R. H. U. E.*) Dere he go again. (*Goes to window, F. R. H., and looks out.*) Dere he goes, Misse Peabody, all dres up in he old seventy-sixers. Ay, golly ! I like to see him wid dem sodger close on ; dey always make him stan up so straight, an look almost de same he did when he used to put 'em on to go out and pepper de redcoats. Ha ! ha ! it make me feel twenty years younger to look at him.

Mrs. P. This accounts for his setting apart this day for Fanny's wedding.

Nathan. (*without, singing.*)

"Turn out, you Continentalers ;
Get ready for to go"—

Mrs. P. Ah ! here he comes, as merry as a cricket ; and his old gun upon his shoulder.

En. Yes, and he's coming to give it to me to clean. I 'spect I 'll hab to scour dat ole musket till dere's noting left of it yet.

Enter NATHAN, D. F. C., dressed as a Revolutionary Soldier.

Na. Good morning, Mrs. Peabody. Here, Enoch, take my gun ; give her a drink, and then wipe her mouth out and scour it till you can see your India-rubber chops in it. D' ye hear ?

En. Yes, Massa Nathan. Shall I take the soger-coat and scour de ole seventy-six buttons ?

Na. No. This is the sixteenth of October, and Fanny's wedding-day ; so I shall keep it on. It will serve to keep up my spirits ;— and with this on I can more easily console myself for the loss I sustain in parting with my daughter. I 've parted with many good friends with this coat on.

Mrs. P. Why, Nathan, you speak as if we were about to lose her forever. She will not leave us when she's married, will she ?

Na. No, Mrs. Peabody ;— but it gives me a strange feeling to think she should belong to another. But Charles is a good lad, and will make her a good protector when her father shall have laid aside his regimentals, and has dropped, like a mellow pair, among the gathered heaps of seventy-sixers. But come, what am I thinking of ?— This is no time to wipe away tears, but to wipe plates and glasses. And Enoch, as you have something to wipe, be off with it.

[*Exit ENOCH, L. H. 1 E.*]

Well, Mrs. Peabody, how do you get on with the cookery ? I see you have your pies all prepared for action ; and if I am not greatly mistaken they will all be taken and cut to pieces, and no quarter shown them. Eh, Mrs. Peabody ? Ha ! ha !

Mrs. P. Aye, I expect a great many compliments for my talents in cooking, to-day.

Na. And that's not all you may expect. Charles shall reward you for your kindness to my — to his ;— no, she shall be mine till the ceremony is over, at all events.

Mrs. P. No doubt if he had anything to give, and I a mind to receive, his heart would be good enough. But you know, Nathan, the lad is poor, and he has nothing but his good character.

Na. Yes, but he has, though. Do you think he is to marry Fanny Goodwin without something to buy a cradle with, while Old Nat. has plenty? No, no. As soon as Parson Collins, whom I believe to be an honest chap enough, although his father did get caught selling beef to the British, at twelve o'clock one night— Ha! ha! —I shall not forget that if I live to see eighty. Eh, what am I talking of? I am deuced near that now; but the recollection marched me back to boyhood. Well, as I was about to say, as soon as the ceremony is over, Charles shall have the estate;—that is to say, he shall own it. I can't give him the deeds, as I have not got them.

Mrs. P. Not got them?

Na. No; they were stolen. During the war I became acquainted with a man by the name of Marson; I thought him an upright, good man. I made him acquainted with my business and affairs, and gave him full privilege of my house. In payment for my friendship he robbed me,—broke open my private bureau,—and among other things carried off the title-deed of this estate.

Mrs. P. And did you never hear of him after?

Na. Yes. I heard of him in England, from a friend who saw him above five years after the event. I sent a legal prosecution there some time after, and learned that he was dead. He left no relations but a son. He had left the place, and could not be found. But it is so long past there is no likelihood of it's causing trouble. So as far as it can it shall belong to Charles. But, Mrs. Peabody, I suppose I am keeping you from your doughnuts and mince-pies (x r.); so I'll leave you. Let there be plenty of everything. I warrant we'll do justice to it. Now I'll go and see if Fanny is stirring. Her little heart will dance with joy to see me equipped in my regimentals. She says they always make me look young again; and I don't know how it is, but, egad, the very sight of them makes me feel like a boy; and when I put them on I could hop about like a squirrel. (*Makes an attempt to caper about, and feels a sudden shooting pain.*) Ah! No, no, Nat., you are not so young as you pretend. Your legs know your age better than your spirits do. Well, no matter. If time has stiffened my joints I feel that my head is as pliable as ever.

Mrs. P. Aye, that it is, Nathan.

Na. Aye, and you shall find it so, Mrs. Peabody, at dinner, when we talk over old times, and make the champagne flow in torrents to the memory of the bygone seventy-sixers.

[*Exit, singing, R. H. 1 E., "Turn out, you Continentals," &c.*

Mrs. P. Well, if ever there was a good old man in this world he's one; and I wish it could be the sixteenth of October every day, that he might be as merry and as happy as he is this morning, till the day he dies. I must go and call that black serpent again. He'd rub that old gun till the next sixteenth of October if some one did n't stop him. Enoch! — Enoch!

[*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*

SCENE II. — *A parlor in Mr. GOODWIN's house, 1 G.*

Enter FANNY, R. H. 1 E. — 2 chairs on centre.

Fanny. Where can my father stay? I heard the report of his gun, celebrating the sixteenth of October; and this is a day for me to

celebrate as a happy or miserable one through life ! But I will not indulge my doubts with such fearful apprehensions. Charles, I am sure, is worthy my entire confidence. Yet I fear — though its but a childish thought — that in giving myself to another I shall lose some part of my love and duty to my father ; and his silver hairs daily increase the call for my attention to him. Age seems to make a sad alteration in him daily ! Ah ! he comes. My dear father !

Enter NATHAN, R. H. 1 E.

Na. Ah ! so you are up, eh ? But I dare say you would have been snug in bed yet, if I had not waked you up with the report of my gun, under your window, you little toad you. But what's the matter ? — You look melancholy this morning.

Fan. My dear father ! have I not cause ? You would not have me pass a day so full of import to me in after life without reflection ?

Na. No, no, my child. But you have no cause to look at the dark side of the picture. You have been a good child, and worthy actions will ever meet their reward. Let it ever be your study to do right, and I feel satisfied you will not find your road through life the most unpleasant ; and if at times a storm should overtake you the consciousness of your own uprightness will be a shelter for you, and cheer you on your way, until you arrive at that great stopping-place where a well governed life receives its reward. And, my dear Fanny, it's now time you should have a partner to watch over and protect you ; and you have chosen one whom I think will prove a kind one. He is poor, 'tis true ; but what of that. I have plenty. All shall be his ; so that with care and prudence he may become what I have been to thee. And according to the unwavering course of nature it will not be long ere he will be your only guide ; for I daily feel the hand of time weigh more heavily upon me, as if to warn me to prepare for death.

Fan. Nay, father ! — dear father ! do not talk thus. It breaks my heart.

Na. Nay, child, I wish you to hear it. I wish to impress upon your mind that we soon must part. Nay, do not weep. 'Tis but a parting to meet again, there, there, where we shall meet her whose image, as I saw her last, now shines through those innocent eyes. Is such a parting one to weep for ? No, no ; yet in spite of reason it will call forth the tears.

Fan. (*with emotion*). Dear father !

Na. (*aside*). Now she'll break her heart. What an old fool I am to talk in such a strain to her, and fill her pretty eyes with tears ; and on her wedding day ; ay, and on the sixteenth of October. What am I thinking of ? Look up, Fanny ; — look up. I am growing old, you know ; and sometimes think of leaving you ; but its only to prepare you for what must take place, you know, sometime or another. But, bless your dear little heart ! I don't think of being called in from head-quarters yet. (*With an attempt to draw himself up*) I never felt better in my life !

Fan. Ah, father ! if you knew how it pleases me to hear you say that you are well !

Na. I know it does. Well, yes ; I tell you I am as hearty and

well as I ever was. I should like to meet an enemy for a few moments, just to convince you how I would cut and slash among them! (*With great difficulty draws his sword, and flourishes it.*) I'd put them in mind of seventy-six. I would soon give them to understand that I am as hearty and as strong as ever (*the exertion causes an intense pain in his legs*), barring, now and then, a slight twinge in the legs. O!

Fan. You are too violent, father. You over exert yourself.

Nu. All your fault, Fanny;—all your fault. You would cry when I told you I were growing old and worn out; so to please you I tried to be young again; and you see what's come of it! O! O!

Fan. (*getting a chair, and helping him into it*). Here, father; rest yourself awhile.

Enter ENOCH, L. H. 1 E.

En. (*seeing NATHAN with his sword out, and his face indicating pain*). Massa Nathan, you is n't cut you'self, is you?

Nu. No, no, Enoch; I was just going through a little exercise, just to keep my hand in; and somehow I felt a deuced pain in my leg.

En. Dat all? Well, Massa Nathan, you is only got a little touch ob de growing pain; dat's all.

Nu. Get along, you black fool! Well, what do you want?

En. Dere's somebody down stairs. Who do you tink it is, Miss Fanny? Ha! ha!—Massa Charles. I guess he could not sleep much last night. (*Partly aside, and partly audible to FANNY.*) Early time in de morning to spark de gals.

Nu. What's the matter with you, Enoch?—What are you grinning and bobbing your head up and down about? Be off and take care of Charles's horse. (*As ENOCH is going off he sees CHARLES outside.*)

En. Walk in, Massa Charles. Ha! ha! (*pointing to FANNY*) dere she is. Ha! ha! [*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*]

Enter CHARLES, L. H. 1 E.

Charles. Ah! good morning, father. Armed and equipped so early. You look charming this morning.

Nu. Ah! stop, stop, Charles. None of your fibs. I look no such thing.

Char. 'Pon my soul you do. I appeal to Fanny. (*Crosses to her, and kisses her hand.*) Come, Fanny; does not your father look extremely well this morning?

Nu. O, she will say yes, of course, to please you. She was trying to convince me, before you came in, of the same thing; and I, like an old fool, to make her think I was young as ever, attempted to cut capers like a boy, and had like to have fallen down. I suppose you would have me try it over again. But I shan't.

Char. No, father, no. But, Fanny, you have been weeping;—for joy, I hope, of our approaching happiness. But it can't take place to-day. Allow me, father. (*Sheathes NATHAN's sword.*)

Nu. Why not?

Char. Dear Fanny, leave us to ourselves a little while. You shall learn from your father the purport of my early visit.

Fan. (*aside*) What can this mean? [*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*]

Na. Now, Charles, your news. It can't be heavy ; for you seem rather pleased than otherwise.

Char. I am so, father. I have been very fortunate in making a discovery which might have led to serious consequences had it remained concealed long enough. I have heard you say, I think, that you had been robbed of the deeds of this estate.

Na. Very likely ; it took place a long while ago, and I have now ceased to think of it. It caused me much uneasiness at the time.

Char. And it is likely to cause you much more.

Na. Indeed ! How ?

Char. You shall hear. As I was sauntering through the streets of Boston, yesterday, I overheard two men in earnest conversation ; and hearing your name coupled with the word deeds, I was induced, by a curiosity which I thought a very justifiable one, to note their conversation, as I knew one of them to be an unprincipled dealer in and expounder of the smaller points of the law. The other appeared to be a foreigner. Remembering the history of your deeds, I resolved to watch them, and learn further. I followed them to a hotel. They seated themselves in a corner, while I found a newspaper, and pretending to read listened to their conversation, by which I discovered this foreigner held the title-deeds to your estate.

Na. Is it possible ! Did you hear the name ?

Char. No ; but during the conversation I found that the lawyer was of opinion that he could recover the property.

Na. Indeed ! This has somewhat taken the whole regiment of my spirits by surprise. But let me see him ! Let him come here to rob my poor Fanny, and leave her in poverty when I am gone ! I should like to see him now ! (*Drawing his sword.*) I would — I — I — Pshaw ! I'm an old fool ! I should fall down before the engagement commenced. But, Charles, what is to be done ?

Char. Trust to me, and I'll answer for a favorable result. Returning from town alone, I have conjured up fifty different schemes for obtaining justice. I heard the lawyer say the deed had never been recorded in your name, therefore you would not likely gain anything by the law. But be that as it may, I have a scheme in view by which the business can be settled with less trouble. I overheard the lawyer advise his client to engage a servant, as one would be useful during the proceeding.

Na. Well ?

Char. I intend to apply for the situation.

Na. And what then ?

Char. And then if I can get sight of the deeds he shan't cause you much trouble, I promise you.

Na. But, Charles, this will have the appearance of stealing ; and should you be discovered it would place you in an unpleasant situation in the eye of the law.

Char. A fig for the law, in such a case, father ; and I doubt if the law itself would deal very hardly with me for doing an action so purely in accordance with justice.

Na. There is another objection, Charles. If his opinion of you be at all like Fanny's he will suspect you. He will never believe you to be a servant.

Char. Leave that to me, father. I shall be a very different looking personage when I appear before him.

Nu. I hope it may not lead to harm. If you succeed in getting into his service let me hear from you as soon as possible. But come, Charles, before you go you must go in and take a glass of wine with me ; for, though this news has somewhat countermanded the march of my spirits, I can't forget the sixteenth of October. Come, Charles. (x to R.)

Char. With all my heart ; and I must see Fanny once before I go to service. Then I must hurry back to town to apply to the foreigner, before he has time to seek or advertise for a servant.

Nu. I don't much like this business, as it savors too much of deception ; but as it is a just cause I see no real harm in it. So come along. [Exeunt, R. H.]

SCENE III. — *An apartment in a hotel, 2 a. — Table and two chairs on R. H.*

Enter AUGUSTUS FITZ MARSON, R. H.

Marson. Well, here I am in this land of half-civilized beings, three or four thousand miles from home. I shall be well paid for my long, disagreeable journey on board that cursed ship, — the very thought of which almost makes me faint, — as I now have no doubt of obtaining the Goodwin estate. My lawyer has searched in vain for it in the records. It certainly was a lucky thing for me that I examined my father's old papers, after his death. This deed, however, I have heard him mention, was taken to England by him through mistake. I believe my father was in the habit of taking things through mistake. I am very much obliged to him for the mistake which has placed in my possession the deeds of an estate which will enable me to return to London, and make as fine a show in Bond-street as any of the swells, without the fear of being annoyed by the tailors. But it is surely time my lawyer should wait upon me. He promised to call early.

Enter SERVANT, L. H. 1 E.

Servant. There's a gentleman below inquiring for you, sir.

Mar. Ah ! he is come, then. Show him up.

[Exit SERVANT, L. H. 1 E.]

Enter MR. LEECHY, L. H. 1 E.

Mr. Leechy. Ah ! good morning, Mr. Fitz Marson ; good morning.

Mar. Well, sir, what news have you for me this morning ?

Mr. L. The very best, sir. I am now satisfied, after a more thorough search, that the title-deeds of the Goodwin estate were never recorded. Being in your possession, you are sure of it. There is a vast deal of expense, in a small way, attending this business ; therefore it will be necessary for you to furnish me with a little cash.

Mar. (aside). More money ! It was only last night he made the same application.

Mr. L. (aside). What is he debating on, I wonder ? He don't scent me out already, does he ? I hope not.

Mar. You forget, Mr. Leechy, you had some of me last night. Don't you remember? Let me see, how much had you of me last night?

Mr. L. O! the trifle I had last night? Umph! ten pounds;—yes, ten pounds. That was as a favor. Don't you remember, I begged it of you as a favor? I now wish you to favor me with fifty pounds, to commence the business which is to make you a rich man, sir; and it shall not be long before it shall be settled, sir. Ah, sir! you have yet to learn that Elias Leechy is a master of his business. (*Holds out his hand for the money, which MARSON counts out during this speech.*)

Mar. There it is. Do you know, Mr. Leechy, if a lawyer in London should ask money of me in the manner you do, I should take it for granted he meant to impose upon me; but there they understand all sorts of trickery. I presume the law, as well as all other professions, has not arrived at so ingenious a degree of cunning and perfection in this country as in England.

Mr. L. O, bless my soul! you are very much out in your calculations. What could have brought you to such an impression?

Mar. Various causes. I perceive by the newspapers that even mechanics of all denominations subscribe themselves from London. Physicians from London;—pill-makers from London;—editors from London, and actors from London. The latter class of professors in this must be very inferior to those of England; as I have known actors in England who have, after serving an apprenticeship to carrying torches and banners, suddenly left England, and have not been heard of again until their names have been discovered in the American papers, at the top of the bill, for the hero of the play. How do you account for this if not by the inferiority of talent in this country?

Mr. L. O, easily enough. When they come over here they style themselves wonders; and not being known they are sought after, partly from curiosity and partly from a desire, as they are strangers, to show them all the hospitality they can. This is a very hospitable country, Mr. Fitz Marson. As to the trickery and cunning of our profession, you will find plenty of it here, I promise you—(*aside*) before I've done with you. I must bid you a good morning, Mr. Fitz Marson. I must be off to commence the proceedings. You shall find it going like steam, sir. I shall wait upon you again soon—(*aside*) as soon as I want more money. [*Exit, bowing, L. H. 1 E.*]

Mar. This man seems to attend strictly to business. I hope he will be able to bring this business to a speedy termination. My purse is already growing very light; and all I had in my possession I borrowed previous to my departure from home; and if the estate is not soon mine I shall be in a very disagreeable situation.

Enter SERVANT, L. H. 1 E.

Serv. There's a countryman below, asking for you, sir.

Mar. Do you know his business or his name?

Serv. He came, he said, to inquire for a situation. He wanted to come up without permission, but I prevented him.

Mar. Ah! the servant's situation. Show him up.

[*Exit SERVANT, L. H. 1 E.*]

Just what I want. A servant will give consequence to my appearance. Here he comes.

Enter CHARLES, L. H. 1 E., disguised as a Yankee.

Char. How d' dew, squire?

Mar. Strange genius, this! Well, who sent you here?

Char. Wall, you see, I've been living a short spell with Squire Tucker, down on the Neck. You know Squire Tucker, don't ye?

Mar. No. Don't know any such person.

Char. Pshaw! git out! You dew, don't you? Wall, I had an idea that everybody know'd Squire Tucker. Wall, I've been living with Squire Tucker all through harvest-time; but now, you know, as harvest-time's over quite a spell, I guess I'd 'bout's good look arter suthin' to do.

Mar. Who informed you of my being in need of a servant?

Char. Wall, jist set down and I'll tell you all about it. (*Goes up for chairs.*)

Mar. (*aside*). This fellow makes himself as much at home as if he were already a favored servant. He's a droll genius, however; so I'll indulge him.

Char. There, squire, sit down, and I'll tell you all about it. You see, when I was livin' with Squire Tucker—you do know the squire, don't you?—I tuck quite a notion to a gal that lived there, by the name o' Jemimy Conger. Jemimy had been livin' to the squire's about nineteen months. No, I'm wrong; 'case our Ike was twenty-two when she went there, and now he's twenty-four, lackin' about four weeks and five days. Yes, she'd been livin' to the squire's elost on to two years. Well, the fust time I seed Jemime I kind o' felt as if I'd like to back up to her. Wall, arter I'd been there about a week I met Jemime down to the barn, and thinks I to myself I've got a chance to speak to Jemime. So says I, Jemime. But she did n't hear me. My heart begun to kick up sich a row-de-dow when I spoke that I nigh about come to the calculation that I had the nightmare, and could n't speak at all. Well, arter a spell I thought I'd try again; so says I, Jemime, did you hear me? No, says she. Well, says I, I said how d' dew? Did ye? says she. Yes, says I. Well, then she did n't say nothin', and so did I. Well, then we stood like a couple of nanny-goats, when they stand on their hind legs, and wait to see which is going to buck fust. Well, arter a short spell, says I, Jemime, I want to say suthing to you very particular. Well, what is 't? says she. Well, I tried all I could to speak, but, by jingo, if my heart did n't come right up in my mouth; and there I stood with it wide open for quite a spell, for fear if I shut it I should bite it in two. Well, Jemime looked at me, and says she, Why, what upon airth is the matter with you?—You look as shaller as a griddle. Well, when I found the sassy serpent was laughing at me, I kinder raised myself up till I guess I was about as straight as a-number-one, and I looked right at her about as hard as pump-water, and says I, Jemime, none o' your sass! Well, says she, what was you goin to say so perticular? Well, says I, I'll be hossed if I ain't forgot it now.

Mar. A very interesting rigmarole, 'pon my word. Well, the end of this. I suppose you and she came to an understanding?

Char. Yes, *Jemime* sed she'd have me, arter I backed up to her quite a spell. But, says she, you must git suthin' to do to make the pot bile. Well, as I tuck some garden truck into the bar-room, down stairs, last night, I heard you and another man talking about gittin' a sarvant. I thought I'd cum and see you this morning ; and here I be. If you want me take me. If you don't, why let it alone.

Mar. You won't answer my purpose, I fancy. You would make an excellent companion ; but I fear a poor servant.

Char. Well, why did n't you say so before? Well, if you don't want me, I guess I'll go down to old *Nathan Goodwin's*. I guess I can find suthing to do there.

Mar. *Goodwin!* Are you — stay — are you acquainted with the *Goodwin* family?

Char. Well, I rather guess I be. And *Nathan Goodwin's* estate is, I guess, about the finest property in these parts.

Mar. (*aside*). The very person I want.

Char. Well, what do you say? — You take a cussed long while to make up your mind. Be you going to have me or not?

Mar. I think I may give you a trial. I shall want you to accompany me to *Mr. Goodwin's* residence. Go order a horse and chaise to be brought to the door.

Char. What, be you goin' to see old *Goodwin*? Well, I'm glad on 't. You'll find him about the nicest old chap in these parts.

Mar. There, there, you talk too much entirely. Go and order the chaise.

Char. Talk too much! Well, I want you to feel to hum. You don't like much talking, eh?

Mar. No.

Char. O, well, perhaps you like singing better. Shall I sing a song for you?

Mar. (*with impatience*). No! no!

Char. Well, maybe you prefer whistling.

Mar. (*angrily*). Will you be gone for the chaise?

Char. Well, yes, I guess I will. Why, squire, I guess you got out o' bed wrong eend for'most this mornin'. I pray and trust you'll be in a better humor when I come back. When I come up the road jest look out o' the window and see how I'll bring him up! I guess you never seed me ride a hoss, did you? O, you want the chaise. Well, good bye, squire, till I come back. [*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*]

Mar. But for the assistance this fellow may be to me I should have kicked him. I shall immediately visit *Mr. Goodwin*. He has heard, no doubt, before this, from my lawyer, of my claim, and perhaps would be willing to render it up for a trifle, to save the expense of the law — which I find no trifle. [*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*]

SCENE IV. — *Same as Scene First.*

Enter ENOCH and MRS. PEABODY, R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. P. It's a shame, a great shame, to have such laws, to allow a stranger and a rascal to take your property, and turn one out of house and home.

En. What 's de matter Misse Peabody? What property is gwine to be tuck away?

Mrs. P. Why, the lawyers are going to take the farm from your master, and leave the poor old man to starve. And poor Fanny, too! what will become of the poor girl? It 's enough to break one's heart to think of it.

En. Gwine to take de farm away from ole Massa Nathan! How is dey gwine to do it? — Wid de big truck-cart dey move de big stones wid?

Mrs. P. O, hold your tongue, you black fool.

En. Well, how does I know how dey is gwine to move it? I never seed 'em move a farm.

Mrs. P. They are not to move the farm, you stupid, but make your master move from it.

En. What, is dat all? Dat 's easy 'nuff settled.

Mrs. P. Is it? — And how, pray?

En. Easy 'nuff. When dey come to tell de ole man to go, let him tell 'um he see 'em dam fuss. If dey does n't like dat, let him kick 'em out; and if de ole man can't do heself, I'll help him. Here comes de old massa.

Enter NATHAN, R. H. 1 E.

Nu. Mrs. Peabody, you have heard the news. You may stop your preparations for the wedding. It can't take place to-day; and I can't say when it will. Poor Fanny! what 's to become of her, when I am gone? 'T was but for her sake I felt proud of my wealth. I looked upon the approach of death with a smile, when I looked around and saw a prospect of comfort and plenty for her. But now who will take care of her, when I am gone?

Mrs. P. Think not of that, Nathan. She will never want for friends, I'm sure; and she shall never want while I have hands to work for her.

En. (blubbing, down L. H.). Dat 's right, Misse Peabody. I'll work for her, too, Massa Nathan; and I work like de debbil, too.

Mrs. P. Is there no hope, Nathan?

Nu. None, I fear. I sent to Squire Turner to get his opinion. He sends me no encouragement. You may commence packing up. I have received the offer of neighbor Weed's barn to place the furniture in, and the privilege of his house for the present. Enoch, go you and see the barn got ready.

En. (aside). I wish I meet dis dam Englishman on de road. I make him tink de tide comin' in. [Exit D. F. C.]

Mrs. P. Perhaps, Nathan, you better defer packing up until you learn further. It may turn out right enough after all.

Nu. No, no; I'll make preparations for the worst; then I shall suffer no disappointment. If I must leave the old farm I shall feel better satisfied to leave at once. *(Knocking at D. F. C.)* See, Mrs. Peabody, who 's at the door. [Exit, MRS. PEABODY, D. F. C.]
I'm in but poor spirits to see visitors.

Reënter MRS. PEABODY, D. F. C.

Mrs. P. Sir, a stranger wishes to see you, on particular business.

Na. Let him walk up.
Who can it be?

[*Exit* MRS. PEABODY, D. F. O.]

Enter. MR. FITZ MARSON, D. F. C.

Mar. Your servant, sir.

Na. Good morning, sir. Pray be seated.

Mar. (*brings two chairs, and sits*). Thanks, sir. I've called for the purpose of conversing with you on a subject which may not be a very pleasant one.

Na. No ceremony, sir. I can bear any subject, now that I am about to be driven from my home, and made a beggar of!

Mar. It is on this subject I came to speak.

Na. Is it? Then proceed, sir. Can you offer me any advice?

Mar. I fancy I can. In the first place I must inform you that I am the person who holds the deeds of the estate.

Na. You are? Then I must inform you that you are a damned scoundrel! But I suppose you are aware of that.

Mar. But, my good sir, you are violent. I came honestly by the possession of them. I received them of my father, Charles Fitz Marson.

Na. Fitz Marson! When I knew him his name was Marson only. His name took Fitz, I fancy, after he robbed me, — ungrateful villain! — while nourished beneath this same roof like a brother.

Mar. It's folly, sir, to allow yourself to fly in so great a rage. I have come to treat with you as a friend.

Na. So did your father; and he robbed me before he left me. But tell your business, and let it be as speedy as possible. I've no time to waste with the likes of you.

Mar. Perhaps this business can be satisfactorily settled on both sides.

Na. That's not at all probable, unless you have resolved to become honest.

Mar. In what manner can you be satisfied? What amount of money would you demand to leave the farm without the mortification of being driven off by the progress of the law? (*NATHAN rises, attempts to grasp MARSON, who evades him, and retreats to the other side of the stage. — NATHAN, from age and excitement finds himself unable to pursue him, and sits down.*)

Na. (*aside*). I wish I were only sixty! (*Eyes MARSON closely.*) Hark ye, Mr. Marson — Fitz Marson — or puppy, which I think the most appropriate title for you; hark ye, sir. — You have in your possession the title-deeds of this estate, which you know belong to me. You have crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of claiming it, and turning me and my innocent child forth to — to — starve! (*Struggling with his feelings, pauses.*) This is your intention, and the law will uphold you in it. Therefore do it by the law. But if you insult me again with such a fiend-like proposal you shall find, though I am an old man, yet I can defend myself, aye, and chastise a puppy like yourself, who would rob an old man of the only pleasure left him this side the grave — the joy of leaving his only child the fruits of a long and honest life of toil! And for what? to be appropriated to the contemptible purpose of foppery and profligacy? Leave me, sir!

Mar. But, sir, as you are aware of the certainty of my obtaining the property by law, if you allow it to proceed to that extremity, you will find, upon consideration, if not for yourself, for your daughter's sake, you had better have something than nothing. Come, be calm, and name the amount. I will be generous with you. Name the amount, and give me your hand.

Na. Give you my hand! Look ye, sir! That hand, this day forty-five years ago, held within its grasp the right hand of George Washington, the father of my country; and since that time it has never been soiled with the touch of villany and baseness, knowingly. And by his honored memory never shall it be disgraced by embracing the dishonest hand of a paltry puppy like yourself! Begone, sir! Leave my house!

Mar. I go; but you forget the house is mine; and I may soon have it in my power to give you the same order. Till then, your servant.

[*Exit D. F. C.*]

Enter FANNY, hastily, R. H. 1 E.

Fan. Father, has that unfeeling man gone? I overheard your conversation, and watched the issue. I feared he would fall upon you and do your age some violence.

Na. No fear of that, Fanny. He would not have courage to attack a mouse unless 'twere sleeping. The villain! I would have grappled with him, Fanny; but he retreated. He ran away from me like a coward. If he had only been man enough to have kept his seat, when I opened the assault, I think I could have gained the siege. But no; he took to his heels; and there, I allow, he had the advantage of me. You know I can't run, Fanny. But I convinced him that I have some fire and tow, if my property is gone.

Fan. Nay, father, think no more of it. You look weak and ill. Go to your chamber and repose yourself. You have exerted yourself too much, this morning. A little sleep will refresh you.

Na. Well, well, I will. But, Fanny, they'll rob you; and when I am gone they'll trample on you, because you will be poor! I did not think Providence would reserve me to this age for such a trial. I do not murmur for myself, Fanny; I am ready to meet my last home! But when I think of you, my poor child —

Fan. Nay, father, fear not for me. All, I'm sure, will yet be well. Come, father, go with me to your chamber.

Na. Well, well, I will. You are a good girl (*deeply affected*), and it's hard to leave you penniless! But surely fortune will not deal harshly by my poor Fanny! No, I'll not believe it.

Exit, leaning on FANNY, R. H. 1 E.

SCENE V. — MARSON'S lodgings, 2 G. — Table; on it deeds, papers, pen and ink. — Two chairs R. C.

Enter CHARLES, R. H. 1 E.

Char. So, my master not returned yet. I long to know the result of his interview with my good old friend — or father, as he will be soon as this business is settled; and if I succeed in my plans it shall not

be long ere I shall have the pleasure of seeing justice done. If I can possibly get a sight of these deeds ! Here comes Mr. Leechy.

Enter LEECHY, L. H. 1 E.

Mr. L. Well, Jonathan, where is your master ?

Char. How do I know ? He 's gone out.

Mr. L. Did he say when he would return ?

Char. Yes, no — I guess he 'll be back before bed time to-night.

Mr. L. You are a stupid blockhead.

Char. You don't say so.

Mr. L. If I were your master I'd teach you a little manners. I'd beat you into decency.

Char. You would. I'd like to see you try it. You wallop me I'd as lief see that as a general trainin'.

Mr. L. Be careful, or I shall chastise you !

Char. Come on, neighbor ! (*Putting himself in a boxing attitude.*) Show yer grit ; — put in your biggest kind of licks ; — they shall be thankfully received and punctually attended to. I should like a little exercise. Ain't had none since I licked Bill Weed, Josh Cutter, and Ike Parsons. Now come on if you darest ! (*LEECHY raises his cane.* — *CHARLES seizes and wrests it from him.* — *Trips him up.*

Mr. L. Murder ! murder !

Char. None o' your lies, now. It's a fair fight.

Mr. L. Let me rise, I say !

Char. What ! do ye want to get up ? Well, why did n't you say so before ?

Mr. L. (rising). Stand off ! I shall see you taken care of before the day is over — you infernal !

Char. I say, neighbor, you ain't got no proof ; and if you gin me any more o' yer sass, I'll hammer you out as long 's a barber's pole.

Mr. L. (aside). This fellow is as strong as a jackass, and I have no desire to exhibit my pugilistic accomplishments. So I think I may as well retire. (*Crosses c.*) Hark ye, sir. — I shall have an understanding with you another time. I'll — I'll —

Char. Wall, what 'll you dew ? (*Places himself in a boxing attitude.* — *LEECHY turns on his heel, and darts off the stage, L. H.*)

Char. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I felt a strong desire to beat him soundly while he was in my power ; for he richly merits it. Ah ! here comes my master. He seems in bad spirits. The old gentleman has doubtless given him a piece of his mind.

Enter MARSON, L. H. 1 E.

Well, squire, how d' dew ? Been down to the old man's ? (*MARSON gets chair, and sits.*) Puty slick place, ain't it ? Did ye see that great spotted nanny-goat, with a beard about so long ? Well, that goat was mine once. I sold it to that confounded nigger, Enoch. (*Gets a chair and places it beside MARSON.*) Well, squire, that's the cussedest goat, in some particulars —

Mar. (awaking from his reverie). Silence !

Char. What ! — silence ! What for ? Why, squire, what upon airth is the matter of ye ? I do raly believe you are gitten' possessed. The hull blessed morning you 've been as huffy and as cross —

Mar. Silence, I say! Go to my trunk and fetch me a bundle of papers which you will find lying at the top of the contents.

Char. Yes, squire, sartin. Now you begin to talk right. I'll do anything you want if you'll only jest keep good natured. (*Aside*) Now my chance is at hand. [*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*]

Mar. I must proceed at once with this business. I am satisfied that this old man will listen to nothing but the order of the law to leave the place. Therefore he must be apprized of it at once, as I am growing weary of this detention.

Reënter CHARLES, with papers, R. H. 1 E.

Char. Here they be, squire — (*aside*) and as I hoped, the deeds. What's to be done? I have it. Here they be all alike — all filled and plastered up with wafers and tape. (*Lays them on the table, R. c.*) I say, squire, did you ever hear of the fight we had with the sea-serpent, out in Boston harbor, last grass?

Mar. No. I've heard of the sea-serpent, but disbelieve in its existence. Do you say you saw it?

Char. Well, I'm pooty sartin I did. I'll tell you all about it. You see, Enoch Weed, Josh Cutter, Cale Hoskins, and Ike Hasselet, and me, and Cornel Ferguson, all went out, one day, a fishin'. Well, when they'd ben down in the harbor, I guess about a couple of hours, the waves begun to kick up a most unmerciful row. It warn't no storm; so they could n't make out what upon airth could be the matter. Well, to rights they seed a great cussed snake of a looking thing, about three or four miles long, as nigh as they could cal'ulate, with a head about the size of Squire Conklin's barn; and its eyes! — O, Jemimy pelt! — I guess you never did see any such cussed looking things, from the day and hour you was born. Josh Cutter, soon as he seed it, got right up on eend, and shook and trembled so that in a short spell he was in such a fever that it melted the coat right off his back! Well, we seed it for about an hour.

Mar. Did you attempt to take it?

Char. Yes; we did catch his head, but we could n't move the varmint a mite. Well, Enoch Hoskins gits up and looks clean down the harbor, and says he, the rotten crittur's got his tail lashed round that island yonder. Well, a hull parcel on us got into one boat, pulled up killock, and out oars, and streaked it up to Boston in no time and a few seconds. Well, we got a hull parcel o' boats and fellers and went back again, and set right in to make sartin' of the varmint. Squire, you ought to seen the plan we fixed to secure him. All the boats was laying round him in such a way that it was raly impossible for him to cut stick. I'll show you how they lay. (*Takes the original and copy of the deed and hides the original in his bosom. — The copy he tears, to illustrate the boats he is speaking of.*) Here lay our boat close by his head —

Mar. I have no desire for so graphic a description. Come to the point at once. Did they catch him?

Char. Well, they did n't 'zac'ly catch him, but they cum cke^{ed} to it, I tell you.

Enter MR. LEECHY, L. H. 1 E.

Mar. You, Caleb, may leave the room for the present.

Char. O ! What, you don't want to hear the rest of the sea-serpent story ? Well, squire, some other time, when you are goin' out to take a walk, I'll go along and tell you all about it.

Mar. Leave the room !

Char. What, now ? O, yes, I'm gone. (*Aside*) I should like to remain and hear his remarks when he discovers all the boats round the serpent are fragments of the forged deed ! The original is safe, however. (*Showing it aside.*)

Mar., R. Why do you stand there mumbling and jabbering to yourself, you stupid Yankee fool ? Leave the room !

Char. L. Well, yes, I do. No, but I'd about's good. Good-bye for the present, squire. Good-bye, Mr. Leechy. I say, squire, when would you like to hear the rest of the sea-serpent story ?

Mar. Leave the room !

Char. Yes, yes. Squire, du have a little patience. You be about the most unrestless critter I ever did see. (*As he is going off he walks up to the fragments of the deed, and points at them.*) There was Enoch Weed, there was Josh Cutter, and there was Cale Hoskins. Squire, I should like to tell you all about it ; but some other time'll do jest as well. Well, good-bye. [*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*]

Mr. L. (aside). What the devil could the fellow mean ? What was he pointing at ? (*Picks up some of the fragments and discovers what it was.*) The deed torn to pieces, as I live ! He certainly cannot be aware of it. Before I apprize him of the fact I must learn if he has any cash left ? Mr. Marson, before we proceed any further in the business, I am compelled by necessity to beg a favor of you. You have been very liberal thus far. I am most happy in informing you of the certain success of your suit. No law can keep the Goodwin estate out of your possession. I therefore feel no hesitation in applying to you for a sum of money which —

Mar. As the property is certain to fall into my hands, Mr. Leechy, I, of course, would not hesitate for a moment to supply you. But, to be candid with you, I have now but a few dollars in my possession ; therefore —

Mr. L. Say no more — say no more, my dear sir. (*Aside*) I foresee the end of this. I shall obtain nothing more in this quarter ; so the sooner our intimacy ends the better. By the way, Mr. Marson, I would look again at the original and copy of the deed. I have just thought of a doubtful line in the copy.

Mar. Here they are. (*Looking among the papers on the table.*) Where has that stupid Yankee laid them ?

Mr. L. (aside). Now for a gale ! (*Picks up some of the scraps and reads them.*) What's this ? (*Reads*) "*Nathan Goodwin — running east — state of*" — Why, this is certainly a part of the deed which I copied from the original ! My own hand writing ! How came it torn to pieces ?

Mar. What ! That infernal Yankee and his cursed sea-serpent story ! It was the deeds, then, the infernal idiot was tearing to pieces to illustrate the boats ! All my hopes, all my schemes, destroyed in a moment, by an idiot ! What's to be done ?

Mr. L. Hard case, Mr. Marson ! — Deeds destroyed — No hope for you ! (*Aside*) I must acquaint the landlord of this A kindly

office. Give him the first chance to seize for his bill — if he has any thing left. I think he'll invite me to dinner, at least. Mr. Marson has no further use for me, I believe. Good-day; careless, — very careless; lost yourself a fortune — (*aside*) and me a fee. Better luck next time. *Exit, L. H. 1 E.*

Mrs. Here's a situation! What the devil shall I do? No money! How am I to get home again? Ah! a lucky thought. I'll go to old Goodwin before he hears of this, and perhaps he will give me something to relinquish my claim. I'll go at once. [*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*]

SCENE VII. — *An apartment in GOODWIN'S house, 2 G. — Picture of General Washington on flat R. H.*

MRS. PEABODY discovered removing pictures from the wall.

Mrs. P. O! this picture, that has hung here so long! — immortal Washington! — I never thought I should take you down! Well, well! (*Wipes her eyes.*)

Enter ENOCH, L. H. 1 E., almost out of breath.

En. Where's Massa Nathan? Stop, Misse Peabody; you can stop luggin' de tings out ob dere places. Put ole Massa Washington back in he place again. (*Referring to the picture she has just taken down.*) Ha! ha! ha! And put all de tings back in dere places. Ha! ha! ha! (*Dances.*)

Mrs. P. What under the sun is the matter with the black serpent? Are you getting out of your head? What are you grinning and capering about?

En. I tell you let all de tings stay whar dey is. All right, Misse Peabody; — all right. Ha! ha! ha! (*Dancing and capering, goes to the portrait of Washington, and dances round it, singing*)

"Ole Massa Washington a berry good man."

Mrs. P. Well, I raly believe the tarnel nigger's crazy.

En. No I is n't, Misse Peabody. But I tell ob de cause ob de high-tide of my spirits. When I carry some tings ober to Squire Weed's barn I hear some one call me. I look round, and see young Massa Charles cumin' up de road on he little grey mare, as if de debbil was arter him. Well, I stop till he come up, and ax him what de matter? He tell me to take dese tings back, and tell Massa Nathan to lef de tings alone whar dey is, 'case all right! Well, when he say all right, I begin to dance and sing like de debbil! Ha! ha! But he tell me stop grinnin', and come right home and tell ole massa. (*Laughs and dances.*)

Enter NATHAN, R. H. 1 E.

Nu. Well, Enoch, what is the meaning of all this laughing and dancing? Are you so pleased with being turned out of your old home that you can laugh at it?

En. No, I is n't laughin' 'bout dat. I spec you laff, too, when you see young Massa Charles. I meet him on de road, and he sent me to tell you all settled! — all right!

Nu. All right! all settled! What can he mean? Where did you see him?

En. Up de road, by Squire Weed's turnip-patch. He say he going to stop and speak to Squire Weed, a minute, and den he's comin' ober here. Here he come now. Ha! ha! ha! (*Dances and capers around CHARLES, as he enters, L. H. 1 E.*)

Char. Ah, father, I give you joy! I have succeeded! You may expect a visit from Mr. Fitz Marson, shortly. When he comes challenge him to produce the deed. You will not be troubled with him long. I have not time to relate the circumstances now. He procured a gig at the same stable where I had left my horse. I met him there, and heard him speak of coming here. He did not recognize me, as I had cast off the suit I had worn while in his service. (*Knock at door, L. H.*) That's doubtless him already. Let Enoch show him up at once.

En. (aside). I wish when dey is done wid him dey let me show him out. I take him behind de barn and pound him till he is as black as I is myself. [*Exit, followed by MRS. PEABODY, L. H. 1 E.*]

Char. Here, father, take this! 'Tis the original deed! And let him not see it until you know his intentions. He is here. (*Retires up.*)

Enter MR. FITZ MARSON, L. H. 1 E.

Mar. I have called on you, Mr. Goodwin, once more, and for the last time. I have considered the distress this matter must eventually cause you, and having no wish to persecute you am willing to abandon all claims, for cash sufficient to defray my expenses from the time I left England till I arrive there again.

Na. You are very kind; but I have a notion that you can be brought to surrender without conditions. The best plan you can adopt, in your present situation, is to confess yourself a damned scoundrel, and promise to do better for the future.

Mar. Your language, sir, should prompt me to chastise you, but for your age.

Na. Chastise me! No!—Old as I am, sir, I think I can propose a fair plan of battle, and chastise you, you cowardly scoundrel! I can't oppose you on my feet; but if you will take a chair, and sit opposite to me, and take a sword, I—I could cut you into mince meat, if you promise not to run. Will you try it? If you won't, leave my house, and never let me see your face here again! You shall not drain a sixpence from me! I am out of your power. Let this satisfy you of the folly of any further attempts to extort money from me! (*Shows him the deed.*)

Mar. (aside). The original deed! How in the name of witchcraft has he obtained it? I thought it destroyed with the other by my servant! May I ask in what manner that paper was obtained?

Na. I know as little of the manner, and perhaps less, than you do. But here's one who can perhaps give you some light upon the subject.

Char. (coming down). Yes, I can inform you of the manner. Deep as you have laid your schemes, you have been detected, and your villainy frustrated.

Mar. By what right, sir, dare you, a stranger to me, to interfere in my affairs, and approach me with this tone of insult? But you

say you can inform me how this deed came into Mr. Goodwin's possession.

Char. I can. Your servant being apprized of your villainy, and determined to see justice done, secured it, and flew to place it in his hands, to whom it lawfully belonged.

Mar. My servant! Ha! ha! ha! This is some silly invention. He destroyed them! He's an idiot, and if instructed would know no more of attempting such a thing than —

Char. Than he would of ketching a sea-serpent.

Mar. What do I hear?

Char. There was Enoch Weed, Josh Cutter, Cale Hoskins, and me, all went out, one arternoon, a fishin'.

Mar. (aside). Fooled! duped! penniless, and laughed at! Curse you all! I shall condescend no longer to speak or listen to you! For the present farewell! I leave you. (*Going.*)

Mr. Leechy. (without, L. H.) Not yet — not yet! (*Enters with Constables, L. H. 1 E.*) That's him! that's him! that's your man! (*They seize MARSON.*)

Mar. What's the meaning of this? (*To Constables*) Stand off!

Mr. L. You'll find it all right, Mr. Marson. The gentlemen are only fulfilling their duty. I am authorized to secure you for the amount of this bill. "*Mr. Augustus Fitz Marson, Dr. to Simon Tightfist, landlord.*" You understand — have not settled your bill there; and hearing you were not likely to get your fortune, gave me strict orders to secure you.

Mar. Villain! After fleecing me of all I possessed, to be the first to take advantage of my situation!

Mr. L. All in the way of business, Mr. Augustus Fitz Marson. I must attend to my profession. I'll see that you have as comfortable lodgings as the jail will afford. So come along; — this way. (*As he is going out, L. H., ENOCH enters, L. H. 1 E.*)

En. Dere's anoder man down stairs wid a big stick. Say he want to see Mr. Leechy. He say he will come up. He come now.

Exit, L. H.

Enter 2d CONSTABLE.

2d Constable. Mr. Leechy, I have a warrant against you, for circulating counterfeit money.

Mr. L. Counterfeit money! I have circulated no money, for several weeks, except what I received of Mr. Fitz Marson.

2d Con. There is one of the bills. Do you remember it?

Mr. L. Perfectly. The only fifty I've had since I commenced practice; and this I received of Mr. Fitz Marson. I have made nothing, then, by this case.

Mar. I was not aware of the fact of its being counterfeit. I have been deceived myself. But for your sake I rejoice at it.

Mr. L. Away with him! I'll take care of him!

2d Con. (taking LEECHY'S arm). And I'll take care of you!

[*Exeunt MARSON and LEECHY, guarded, L. H. 1 E.*]

Char. Ha! ha! ha! He is rightly served. He is as great a villain as the other.

Na. It's a proof, Charles, that honesty is the best policy. But

give me your hand, Charles. You have saved a fortune, and for yourself. Here, Enoch ! Mrs. Peabody !

Enter ENOCH and MRS. PEABODY, L. H. 1 E.

Go, Enoch, and call Fanny. Then go and call the neighbors. Go after blind Bob, and tell the black rascal to bring his fiddle and a pound of rosin. He shall fiddle as long as the rosin lasts, and I'll dance as long as he fiddles. (*Capers about, and feels a sudden pain shooting through his legs.*) There, be off. (*ENOCH goes toward door.*) And, Enoch, go to Parson Collins, and tell him there's a job for him here. Eh, Charles? And, Enoch, don't you get drunk before twelve o'clock at night ; d'ye hear? There, now be off. (*ENOCH goes out L. H.*) And, Mrs. Peabody, you may muster all your force in pies and doughnuts ; and let every bowl and pitcher in the house be filled with something good to drink. If I find one in the house empty I'll take it out on the hill and make a target of it. Let there be plenty of ammunition of all kinds.

Enter FANNY, R. H. 1 E. ; ENOCH, L. H. 1 E.

Fan. Father ! — Charles ! — is it true what I have heard ?

Na. Yes, Fanny, the storm is past that made me tremble for my tender flower ! We shall all be happy yet. We shall end the sixteenth of October as it should be. Here, Charles, take my Fanny, — my only treasure ! You are deserving of her, and she is worthy of all goodness. (*Kisses her.*) May you be happy when I am gone, my children !

Char. When you are gone, father ? I hope to see you celebrate the sixteenth of October for many a year to come ; and I trust all present will join with me in wishing health and long life to the REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER !

SITUATIONS.

FANNY. CHARLES. GOODWIN. MRS. PEABODY. ENOCH.

R. H.

CURTAIN.

L. H.



2
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